

^{11632 c. 4}
3
K BATH.

Some Coffee House Deveraux Court
A March 9 1. 174

POEM.

Fiæc essent Loca semper; hi Labores. MART.



Printed for Messrs. LONGMAN and SHEWELL, in Patern-
ster-Row, LONDON; J. LEAK, in BATH; and M. LEWIS,
in BRISTOL, MDCCXLVIII.



P B O A E M.

P O E M.

and thinking better
of my Affairs now

But can I hope to find a better

Printed for M. Smith, in the Strand,
at the Sign of the Anchor, in the Strand,
and at the Sign of the Anchor, in the Strand.





A map of the Bath region in Somerset, England. The map shows the city of Bath, the River Avon, and the surrounding hills. The map is labeled with 'BATH' in the center, 'AVON' for the river, and 'SOMERSET' for the county. The map is oriented with North at the top.

THEE, *BATH*, and flutt'ring Belles
and Beaus I sing
Advent'rous, *Phœbus*, thy Assistance
bring:

But can I hope thou'lt lend a list'ning Ear,
Who hast no Bus'ness, nor inhabit'st here?
Then chiefly Thee, O *Venus*, I invoke,
For here thy Altars, like the Waters smoke:

Thy Gifts I sing, thou Guardian of the Fair
Inspire my Lays, and deign to hear my Pray'r.

WHERE *Avon's* Stream in flow Meanders glides,
And from his Urn pours Plenty on his Sides,
In a low Vale a well-built City stands,
Part rais'd by old, and part by modern Hands:
Its Walls inclos'd by lofty neighb'ring Hills,
From whence the Water runs in murm'ring Rills.
From *Ætna's* Mount more Sulphur cannot rise,
Nor can more Smoke ascend into the Skies,
Than from this City, and its min'ral Springs
Discover'd (as Fame says) by antient Kings.

IN that new Season when the passing Sun
Had left the *Ram* and through the *Bull* had run,
And the *Twins* enter'd; when the tuneful Quire
Unlock their Throats, and *Eurus's* Blasts retire.
When gentle *Zephyr's* milder Gales supply,
And (Clouds dispers'd) succeeds a brighter Sky.
When a Change finds ev'n ev'ry gloomy Soul,
And Joy extends itself from Pole to Pole!

St. James's Rogues prepare to quit the Town,
 And a fresh Choice of Whores is hurrying down.
 Of want of Appetite the Cit complains,
 And the Kept Mistress now a Cholick feigns.
 And little Miss, who long had been confin'd,
 Her Mamma says, should now improve her Mind!
 And she, whose Locks had never yet been curl'd,
 Must quit her Nursery to see the World.
 The London Pastry-Cook, his Money gone,
 Comes down to Bath, and styles himself Sir John;
 Creates himself a Knight, or Baronet,
 And, like a Lord, contracts—but pays no Debt.
 Now Wives their Husbands without ceasing tease,
 To go to Bath, Bath-water will give Ease,
 Complain of what they will; some have prevail'd
 By feigning Fits, when other Arts have fail'd:
 Some to Physicians give a private Fee,
 To nick their Man, and gain a Passage free.
 Now from all Parts the Company resort,
 Sailing, like Vessels, to this neutral Port:
 Bath, Lisbon-like, for ever will admit
 Those of all Nations for her Benefit:

Their

Their gawdy Tinsel Streamers Beaus display,
 And in a Fleet their Courses steer this Way:
 These shatter'd Ships come hither to repair;
 Within they're rotten, tho' without so fair:
 Like old *Venetian Gondolas* decay'd
 With pleasuring; they drive no other Trade.
 And *Men of War* put into *Bath* to take
Fresh Water in; for good the *Salt* forsake;
 Quitting their Cruizes, here they furl their Sails,
 And hug themselves in hard tempestuous Gales.

THE desp'rate *Gamester* hoping to repair
 His Loss at *White's*, *departs to change the Air*,
 Tho' he withdraws to have a better Run,
 And cheat at *Bath*, and to avoid his Dun.
 Changes the Scene, his Name: no Changeling he,
 Nor in his Manners, nor in Villany:
 He hazards here his sole remaining Stake;
 In spight of Drums his Limbs and Features shake:
 And has he lost? — then with distracted Mien
 He loads a Pistol to compleat the Scene.

Now

Now *Monsieur* does his Implements prepare;
 To curl their Locks, and ornament the Fair:
 He just arriv'd from *France*, has got the Art
 To please, and sometimes steal a *Lady's* Heart.
Nobles and *Sharpers* come twice ev'ry Year,
 To keep the Seasons regularly here;
 And when the Season's bad, all Hands complain,
 Like Farmers, when there's a bad Crop of Grain:
 Numbers of *Landladies* and *Landlords* fail,
 Whose Goods are seiz'd and sold at publick Sale;
 To which in Crowds the cheap'ning Females run,
 Bargains to buy of those that are undone.

WHEN *QUARTAN* shakes our Youth, now hot,
 now cold,
 And new *Distempers* sweep away the old;
 When those contracted Years ago, revive,
 A Troop of *Maladies* at *Bath* arrive:
 Joint-racking Gout, Attendant on the Great,
 A constant Foll'wer of a large Estate;
 Oft by the Sire entail'd a Hanger-on
 To be maintain'd, and cherish'd by the Son.

O Temp'rance bland! how Wretches can complain
 Of Aches, who thy sacred Laws prophane,
 I can't conceive, since from thy Rules who swerve,
 Know they shall feel no more than they deserve.

GOUT's Brother RHEUMATISM, prognostick sure
 Of ev'ry Change of Weather, hard to cure;
 Who o'er our tortur'd Limbs deals wand'ring Pains,
 Ere they are fix'd, now this, now that complains.
 Limbs that have lost their Use are dangling seen,
 Like Branches partly dead, and partly green.

NEXT hops SCIATICK with a tardy Pace,
 Displaying Mis'ry in her haggard Face:
 Is like a Hip-shot Horse, whose Foot behind
 Drags on the Ground, and seems to be disjoin'd,
 And various Kinds of Lameness that are near
 Relations, are on Crutches hobbling here:
 Some in the martial Field of Honour fought,
 And at th' Expence of Ease and Welfare bought,
 And some slight Hurt, which *Captain Crab* receiv'd,
 And, by himself, was dangerous believ'd,

As he advanc'd to attack, is grievous made;
 Tho' he was graz'd in Motion *retrograde*.
 Some to excite our Pity hobble here,
 Like *Beggars*, who can run when none are near.

PALSIE, a melancholly Sight, repairs,
 Whose tott'ring Head her piteous Case declares:
 Is like a Tree upon a lofty Hill,
 Whose waving Top stands not a Moment still.

THEN JAUNDICE, yellow as the ripen'd Corn,
 Joins griping CHOLICK, almost double worn;
 Her Hands against her twitching Bowels prest,
 Restless herself, in Hopes of finding Rest.

SEE LEPROSY, with Foulness that corrodes
 The Skin, and in the Cure long Time forbodes
 Follow'd by SCURVY, with obstructed Glands,
 Who firmly all *Apollon's* Art withstands,
 With Blotches, Pimples, Scales, and fiery Heat,
 Foul crufted Tongue, burning in Hands and Feet,
 And wasting ANTHRAK, forc'd to sustain
 Her meagre Corpse with Oaken Staff, or cane.

LAST, HIPOCONDRIA and his Sister dear,
 Gloomy HYSTERICA, their Courses bear

Monstrous Diseases sure! that ne'er complain
 Of any fixt or any real Pain.
 Lowness of Spirits, Flatulence and Spleen,
 And anxious Watchings, not a Thought serene,
 And unrefreshing Sleep these *Spirits* attend,
 Sunk in Despair, afraid to see a Friend.
 Now airy *Spectres* in their Fancies rove,
 Now busy *Coblers* in their Bellicies move.

ALL these *Diseases* having first assail'd
 Our Bodies, have by different Ways prevail'd:
 Some the Foundation sap, and some in Flesh
 Besiege the Town, and others take by Storm;
 Like Troops victorious they in Triumph ride,
 Shouting for Joy, exulting in their Pride.
 Hither this dreadful Army comes, redoubt'd
 The Sons of *Pötnus*, and rush on with Rage
Apoll's Sons get ready for the War,
 Their Instruments they muster from afar,
 Viewing the Fee, their Drums pursue
 With Drums from *Mexico*, and from *Peru*
 Bolus on Bolus, Bill on Bill they ply

Which,

Which, thick as Arrows from an Ambush, fly.
 Yet small's their Help, for *Phœbus* Sons confess,
 They to the Waters owe the main Success:
 For these victorious Waters have alone,
 Than all th' *Auxiliaries*, more Battles won.

O! could these Fountains wash that *Vulcan* clean,
 Who stain'd his Fame, who play'd a Part so mean:
 A *Patriot* once; had he continu'd true
 To *Virtue's* Cause, what Laurels had been due!
 No Cure, like this, would e'er increase their Fame;
 No Cure would I so willingly proclaim.

ALL those Diseases that are forc'd to yield,
 Sometimes for good, but oft not, quit the Field:
 Sometimes they only make a feint Retreat,
 And then renew th' Attack with greater Heat.
 How *Bath* exalts a Victory to gain!
 How glad are Patients to be out of Pain!
 Discarded Crutches are in Order plac'd,
 And the proud *Beds* are with these Trophies grac'd.
 How must the Lame rejoice at such a View,

And that these Springs such Enemies subdue,
 Not Colours gain'd in a long-dubious Fight,
 Afford to Heroes a more pleasing Sight;
 When hung up in that celebrated Hall,
 Where *Clients* pant for Fear, and *Lawyers* brawl.

O'er *Clarken-Down* when bright *Aurora* peeps,
 And early Misers rise to view their Heaps;
 All Ranks and Orders for the *Pump-room* make,
 The greatest Part, before they are awake.
 What Numbers are there in their Sleep who walk!
 What Numbers are there in their Sleep who talk!
 They stretch, they gape, their Eyes they half uncloze,
 For want of proper Rest, they nod and doze.
 Hither are sent by *Luxury*, the *Jew*,
 The *German*, and the *French*: here may we view
 The *Boon-companion*, the Three-bottle Man,
 With melancholy Look, and Visage wan,
 With hollow Cheeks and uninformed Eye,
 Pinch'd in the Shoulders and with wasted Thigh,
 With pecked Features, Teeth with yellow Cast,
 Long from the Gums and hardly any fast.

See purple Carbuncles swell on his Nose,
 Whose Belly, like a *Female's*, bigger grows;
 He tott'ring walks and breathes with much ado,
 Like *her*, he wants to be deliver'd too.
 So if a Rot your wasting Sheep invade,
 Distemper dire! spite of the Shepherd's Aid,
 They fall away, their stretching Bellies swell,
 And the grim Tyrant's near Approach foretell.
 THE *Mudden Epicure* quits his Abode,
 To wash down here his indigested Load;
 Complains of Stone, of Gravel and the Gout,
 Has lost his Teeth, which fairly were eat out:
 No Wonder, since the Owner of the Mill
 Scarce lets his Grinders stand a Minute still.

THE *Goddess*, beaming so divinely bright,
 Who slew so many in the Rooms last Night;
 Whose *Lillies* and whose *Roses* shone so fair!
 Whose Teeth so white! who had such charming Hair!
 Here looks so far from killing, that half dead
 She seems to be;—and quite her lovely Red,

Yellow her Teeth, more yellow yet her Skin,
 And the whole Woman haggard looks and thin.
 No more call *Celia's* mortal Charms divine,
 Since she by *Candle-light* can only shine.

FROM hence to *BERTRAND's* all the Loiterers run,
 Where with incessant Noise themselves they run.

" Good Morrow, Sir, what have you new to Day?

" There's nothing new—Who's come to Town?—

" Only my *Lord Drinkwater*, who rode Post—

" *Bertrand*, who's that?—*Miss Smart*, the reign—

" Madam, I hope last Night you took no Cold;

" 'Twas a cool Evening, cries *Sir Simon Bald*—

" No, Sir, I took no Cold, nor You I hope—

" But this dull Weather (cries the prattling Fop)

" Makes me as heavy, as a Lump of Lead—

The Sky's grown clear— but heavy still his Head?

A senseless *brass* Head! always the same,

The Weather's not in Fault, yet bears the Blame.

Sir Simon begs to view that Toy—

" The

" The Thing is pretty—but the Fashion's old.
 Here stops the flaunting Belle, here stops the Beau,
 The *Puppets* fly to see a *Puppet-show*!
 Charm'd with the Sight, they think such *Jewels* rare;
 But think themselves the finest *Jewels* there!
Bertrand, expose to Sale these curious Toys,
 These pretty Rattles, pretty Girls and Boys!
 But yet perhaps I give thee wrong Advice,
 The Toys too many, and too low the Price.

Whilst some ride out to hear the warbling Sound,
 Of th' airy Train, or view the Country round,
 Whilst they behold from *Lansdown* with Delight
 The nobly swelling *Forest*, pleasing Sight
 Or fertile Meads, or neighbouring Hills admire,
 Which not so high as *Lansdown* dare aspire;
 Those low-brow'd Hills that we around him see,
Lansdown their King, his Subjects seem to be.
 The chilly *Invalid* rides round the Ring,
 Afraid to venture farther for the Spring.
 This Ring's defended from the Northern Blast, [Hill]
 Which blighting him, would make him breathe his

A thin-

A shining Steel comes half-way round his Ears,
 To keep all snug; or else a String appears;
 A Flannel Waistcoat and two Capes he wears,
 And two Great Coats upon his Shoulders bears,
 So many Turns the Horse trots round the Green;
 Whilst nothing of the Man is to be seen;
 Loaded with Cloaths, jogs to his Master's Door,
 And stops, and knows that his Day's Work is o'er.

YE *Invalids*, I'll your Complaint remove
 Of stumbling Horses, which you must approve;
 Since there are few Nags us'd to turning round,
 Mill-Horses buy; enough are to be found;

WHEN *Eurus* blows, the chill *Whet* darts not far
 From Home, and wisely hides himself in Fur;
 But when he ventures out, creeps like a Snail,
 And fearful lest his tottering Limbs should fail,
 And staggering at a sudden Puff of Wind,
 Orders a Chair to follow close behind.

THE *Market-Bell* had hardly rung, when they
 Who tir'd with eating, hush'd and satiate lay,

Whose

Whose Thoughts to please their Palate are employ'd,
 For whom Things premature must be destroy'd:
 'Wake, and to Market run with eager Pace,
 Not fast with-all, for slow's a *Glutton's Race*,
 They strive, they labour, pant, and puff and blow,
 They sweat, and wipe their Faces—as they go.
 Hunters they are, tho' like the Southern Hound,
 Who often stops, and dwells upon the Ground.
 Alike large Mouths and monstrous Heads they have,
 To both capacious Stomachs Nature gave,
 Stew'd in their reeking Sweat, away they ran,
 And GUTTLE first, who was an *Alderman*,
 Not far disjoin'd was his dear Brother TASTE,
 A *Justice* double-chin'd, all in such Haste
 TUN-BELLY next, follow'd by APPETITE,
 Last PURSIVENESS, a rich old City Knight,
 TUN-BELLY dropping soon avoided Death,
 Soon wheezing PURSIVENESS was out of Breath.
 TASTE now was hindmost, for he stopp'd to buy
 A Leveret plump, that caught his curious Eye.
 GUTTLE long while was first, and would have won,
 Had he not been by APPETITE outdone:

Whose *Pipes* were clearest, he not having met
 Last Night with what he lik'd, had nothing eat
 What Fortune this? how wonderful to tell!
 No Wonder that he did in Speed excell.
 What means this Race? what does this Buffle mean?
 What Wonder's come to Town? what's to be seen?
 They see some People tow'rs the *Market* drive,
 And hear fresh *TURBOTS* cry'd, *ALIVE! ALIVE!*
 Each *Epicure* strove to outdo the rest,
 That he might pick and chuse, and get the best.

THUS have I often seen a Pack of Hounds
 Prick up their Ears, when the Horn sudden sounds,
 And chop, and spring, and stare; strait thro' the Brake
 They shoot away, and for the Musick make;
 Each pressing forwards with his utmost Speed,
 T' o'ertake his Game, and th' others to precede.

SOME others follow'd, who're perhaps as nice,
 But can't afford to give an equal Price;
 These look at *Turbot*, or such dainty Fish,
 Feel it, and shake their Heads, and wish—and wish—
 Ev'n these dare cheapen; then they lay it down,
 And forwards march—look back, and bid a *Crate*.

Pleas'd with the Prospect, round the Market go,
 And damn the *Higglers* for forestalling so.
 Another Round they take, handle a Teal,
 Then go away, and buy a Bit of Veal.
 Now home they flock, their *Marketings* they boast,
 And tell enquiring Friends, how cheap this cost!

WHEN th' angry *Sportsman* sees the pendent Game
 In *Poulterers* Shops, he cries eternal Shame!
 When he reflects how scarce the *Pheasants* are,
 And that he went out twice, and saw no *Hare*:
 He, threat'ning, swears to put the Laws in Force
 Against the Sellers — but they're Words of Course.
 He hates the *Bath*, and its Diversions too,
 Vex't that he is unable to pursue
 His own Diversions of a nobler Kind;
 Whether the *Hare*, the *Fox*, the *Stag*, or *Hind*:
 Crippled with *Gout* and Pains he must endure,
 He frets, like *Culprit*, in the *Stocks* secure.

WHEN Nightly Damps by *Sol* were chas'd away,
 Who up three Hours for *Bedur* declar'd it, Day!

And when the *Evening* spreads her sable Wing,
And Birds, to Rest retiring, cease to sing:

To MORGAN's what a various Crew repair,
Some with a gay, some with important Air!

CHREMES sits scheming on Affairs of State,
And on his Shoulders bears all *Europe's* Weight;
He cannot drink his *Coffee* with a *Gout*,

'Till he has read the Papers thro' and thro':
When ev'ry Paper, every Line's read o'er,

He calls the *Waiter*, and enquires for more.

Here *Atheists*, as by sympathetick Force,

Commence Acquaintance from a short Discourse.

RATTLE, join'd by a whole unthinking Crowd,

At least once ev'ry Day calls out, aloud,

Boy, Does the *London Post* come in To-day?

And does the *London Post* go out? I pray,

Scarce for a Day an Answer will suffice,

Tho' the Account is plac'd before his Eyes.

Mean while, Sir SIMON TRIFLE rushes in,

Stroking his Fore-top, and his beardless Chin:

But why *Sir Simon*? for 'tis hard to tell

Whether he be a gentle Beau or Belle;

Trips

Trips to the Glass, his Features to survey,
 Then turning half-way round, he blows away
 The *filthy* Powder, which had chanc'd to fall
 From his shook Wig, well-whiten'd for the Ball.
 He smooths his Neck, and his stiff *Pasteboard* hides,
 And to their Places erring Hairs he guides :
 Admires the Lustre of his Di'mond Ring,
 And to his *Solitaire* cries, *Pretty Thing !*
 Viewing the whole, 'till he the whole approve,
 Smiles, like *Narcissus*, with himself in Love.

OF all th' *Assemblies* that I ever knew,
 None was so solemn, and so stupid too :
 I'm tir'd with *Chit-chat*, *Politicks* and *News*,
Balls and *Rehearsals*, *Operas*, *Reviews*,
 The *Weather*, *Roads*, and *Revolutions* strange
 In *Fashion's Empire*, that's so apt to change :
 And yet, sometimes, this Conversation's out,
 When they look foolish, loll and stare about,
 'Tis now a *Quakers Meeting*, where all sit
 Profoundly silent, sigh, and cough and spit.

Now, with a motly Throng, resorts the *Fop*,
 To kill an Hour, to LEAKE's fine spacious Shop.

CAPER, whose Learning lies below his Knees,
 With curious Eye a Tract on Dancing sees;
 He takes it home; first bids *Leake* set it down,
 And to be *a la Mode* subscribes his Crown.

ILLITERATUS *Greek* aloud demands,
 Who common *English* hardly understands.
 And many just pop in, and look about,
 And read a Paragraph, and then pop out.

OBSERVE ARDELIO with important Air,
 Who ev'ry Mortal's Business makes his Care:
 Always the first to tell a dire Mishap,
 He, watchful, hears a Footman rap, rap, rap—
 " My *Lady* this returns, and begs you'd lend
 " Something that's new, that you can recommend;
 " Something that's pretty, and diverting too,
 " And that she leaves to you" — " To me? " — " Yes,
 " What shall I send, a *Novel*, an *Amour*, [*Sir*, to you.
 " Or *Rules for Gaming*, or for *Love a Cure*? —
 " My Service to your *Lady*; this *Romance*
 " I'm sure will do — 'tis just arriv'd from *France*.
 " When does his *Lordship* come? pray let me know,
 " How does your *Lady* do? — She is so, so.

Now

Now SINNOT's Boys a constant Look-out keep,
 And for a new *Arrival* watch and peep;
 And when they 'spy a *Prize*, who steers that Way,
 They swiftly run, like *Warners*, to convey
 The joyful News that *She's* at last arriv'd,
 Which has the long-expecting *Sharks* reviv'd.
 Their Brows with Clouds no longer are o'ercast,
 The ready *Boys* press forwards for the *Mast*;
 Lolling no more, they spring, they leap, they fly
 At ev'ry Call, and coming, *Six*, they cry.
 In dumb Attention the *Spectators* sit,
 Stir not their Heads, and hardly dare to spit;
 Whose Words (when they may speak) the *Gamesters*
 [watch,
 Motions and Looks, and lie upon the *Catchy*,
 To lay a Bet, or make a Match unfair;
 Ye *Monied-Men*, be circumspect, beware:
 They'll praise your Skill, tho' you ne'er won before,
 Now let you win, that you may lose the more.
 So cruel *Cats* with captive *Mice* will play,
 Seem to release, at last devour their *Prey*.

THE fickle *Goddeſs* now each Man invokes,
(For 'tis allow'd to pray—between the Strokes)

The fickle *Goddeſs* now the Loſers curſe,
And Money travels faſt from Purſe to Purſe.

ASSIDUOUS BERRY takes his ſilent Stand,
Watching a ſteady or a ſhaking Hand;
Calm and ſedate, is by no Paſſion mov'd,
By ev'ry *Billiard-man* well known and lov'd
On *Billiards* he has ev'ry Treatiſe read,
And *Newton* could not boaſt a clearer Head.
The great, the learn'd, & the judicious *Hoyle*,
Compar'd to him, is nought—unless a *Foil*.
Here twice a Day he conſtantly attends,
To give Advice to *ill-rewarding* Friends:

And, when Diſputes or Diff'rences ariſe,
Berry muſt ſpeak, and what he ſays, ſuffice.
Not ev'n *Lord Chancellor*, ſkill'd in the Laws,
With greater Clearneſs can decide a Cauſe.

YE *Niggards*, who at *Sinnor's* Tables play,
Think how a Man muſt live, who has no Pay.
What *Counſeller* from Avarice ſo free,
Who gives Advice, and never takes a Fee?

Perhaps, his *Clients* may an Order give
 For a new *Mast*—nought else does he receive
 Toil on he must, continue still a Drudge;
 Fie! thus to use your *President and Judge*.

— WHEN radiant *Sol* has gain'd his Mid-day Height,
 And when he drops in *Tbetis*' Lap at Night,
 The Old, the Young, the Black, the Brown, the Fair,
 A Medly Crew! all to the *Rooms* repair.
 Our peaceful *Warriour* with his *Muff* behold,
 Who, in a Chair box'd up, dares face the Cold.
 Hither, from all Parts, desp'rate *Bankrupts* run,
 Who may undo, but cannot be undone.
 All Hands to *Bus'ness*, tho' a *Tradesman's* Bill
 Is left unpaid for Years; some to *Quadrille*,
 And Crowds to *Whist* sit down, and fam'd *E. O.*
 Who, learn'd in these, scarce other *Letters* know,
 Beset with *Sharpers*, see the cully'd *Heir*
 Losing his Gold, and giving each his Share.
 He stamps, he swears, he raves; his madding Brain
 Allows no Rest; he, raving, swears again.

He partial *Fortune* damns; now lost his *Alliances*
 He rises up, and whirls away the *Ball*.
 One that's more calm, and ruin'd, still sits down,
 And borrows all he can, ev'n *Half-a-Crown*.
 And, when his Money and his Credit's gone,
 No more's a *Gamester*—but a *Looker-on*.
 So a young *Backsword-man* with broken Head,
 (Who has by his *Antagonist* been bled)
 Losing the Prize, looks foolish and awry,
 And plays no more—but turns a *Stander-by*.
 Here may be seen a *Charities* yet alive,
 And here a *Charities* always will survive.
 To Church some godly *Females* ev'ry Day
 Repair, and thence come here to *scold* and *play*.
 They deal in Cash and Notes, and *Bankers* are,
 And those are *Bankrupts* now, who *Bankers* were.
 Here jarring Age and Youth to meet agree,
 A *Girl* not Ten, a *Hag* of Seventy-three,
 Toothless, decrepid, shrivell'd, with dim Eyes,
 Her Want of Sight with *Spectacles* supplies;

Eager and sharpening to her latest Day,

Although expiring, yet sits down to play,

Some are with Musick, and with Dancing fir'd,

And dying *Chloe's* ne'er with Dancing tir'd;

Tho' she's by Raking worn a Skeleton,

She frets to be one Night a Looker-on.

She jigs, and turns with an uncommon Air;

A Feather's flaunting in her Cap or Hair,

That she may be conspicuous in our Sight:

So faulty Nags are shewn in Bridles white.

ALL seek Acquaintance, for of that they boast,

And those are happiest, who can gain the most:

Such are the *Ties* of Friendship, and so slight!

That soon they break, oft last but for a Night.

The Friends, are those they never saw before,

The Friends are those that they may see no more.

Now enter flaunting Belles and powder'd Beaus,

Who use Perfumes, so grateful to the Nose;

Thanks for such Fragrancy! this borrow'd Scent,

O'ercoming *theirs*, does far worse Smells prevent,

Which

D 2

Here twice a Day, and ev'ry Ball have seen; Eager

Join'd

Which forc'd to yield to *Waters* and *Perfumes*,
 For a few Minutes, *sinking*, quit the *Rooms*.
 But, like the *common Shoars*, which after Rain
 Are sweet a-while, and sure to sink again.
 See the old haggard, rotting, pois'nous Beau,
 Who was a *Dung-hill* forty Years ago,
 He haunts the *Fair*, he whispers in their Ear,
 Makes Love to all, and vows he'll be sincere:
 He's found out by his antiquated Mien,
 Or else might *Sixty-nine* pass for *Sixteen*.
 He tells the *Ladies* (for they're wondrous great)
 He's like the *Fruit* which ripens slow and late.
 'Tis hard to say in which Sex may be found
 Most *Fortune-hunters* here, they so abound;
 Sometimes it happens that in Marriage meet
 Two of the Trade, a *Male* and *Female Cheat*.
 THE gen'ral Aim's to strive to be so gay,
 As to be bent on driving *Thought* away,
 That irksome, troublesome Companion, *Thought*,
 Hated by Fools, by Wisemen only sought!
 What Numbers boast, they've for a Season been
 Here twice a Day, and ev'ry *Ball* have seen;

Join'd

Join'd ev'ry *Party*, ev'ry *Concert* heard,
And at all *publick Breakfasts* have appear'd

'Twas hence that first the *God of Silence* fled,
Who among *Females* dares not shew his *Head*.
Next *MODESTY* retir'd with red'ning *Face*,
Angry to see her *Blushes* in *Disgrace*.
Nor was it long ere *PRUDENCE* was dismiss'd;
Her *Sister* dear *OECONOMY* was hiss'd.

THESE were succeeded by a diff'rent *Train*.
With what a stately *Gait* walks stiff *DISDAIN*!
See *GIDDINESS* a *Whirligig* tossing in
With *boity-toity* *Air*, follow'd by *GRIN*,
Who shews his *Teeth*, and *BOLDNESS*, void of *Shame*,
Goddes at *Athens*, and at *Bath* the same!
See upstart *PERTNESS* with a taunting *Sneer*,
FLATT'RY with *Speeches* fine—but insincere.
Next faunters *IDLENESS* with loit'ring *Pace*,
Constant *Frequenter* of a *publick Place*.
Prying *ENQUIRY* whispers, *LAUGHTER*'s loud,
BUSTLE and *HURRY* mingle with the *Crowd*.
Conceited *VANITY* shews vilest *Airs*,
Dazzles our *Sight*, tho' she false *Jewels* wears;

Fancies

Fancies herself ador'd; struts in a Beau,
Vies to be finest, and compleats the Shew.

WITHIN these Walls presides an antient Sire,
With Face as red as any Country Squire;
White is his *Beaver*, and his *Peruke* black,
And, like huge *Atlas*, with a *brunny Back*;
'Tis well he has, who on his Shoulders bears
All *Bath*, just as the other bore the *Spheres*.
Here he is KING, rules with despotick Sway—
But then his *Subjects* chearfully obey:
No *Hero* he, for he delights in Peace,
And loves to see them flourish and increase.
Let *Persia's Monarch*, and the *King of France*,
Lead on to bloody *War*—he leads to *Dance*.
Should civil *Discord* for a Moment reign,
He checks her Force—*She*, raving, bites her Chain.
Monarchs, who would in *Governing* excel,
Might learn of him, and they would govern well.
Rejoice, O *Bath*! as yet he does not stoop.
Old *Time* must longer wait to see him droop:
But oh! when summon'd by relentless Fate,

Thy

Thy useful *Guardian* sinks beneath his Weight,
 Thy Beaus and Belles will such a Loss deplore,
 And weeping, cry, Undone! our *King's* no more.

'Twas now the Season when the Gay, the Smart,
 The Grave, the Old, the Young, from hence depart,
 When Females utter, with a tender Sigh,
 "Farewel, dear *Bath*—Once more farewel, they cry."
 O empty *Bath*, declining is thy Trade,
 No Soul appearing on thy *Grand Parade*.
 Thy *Rooms* forlook, thy *Lodgings* vacant are,
 As mournful *Labels* on th' Outside declare.
 See *Ostlers* sleeping at the Stable-Doors;
 Dull are thy *Chairmen*, duller yet thy *Whores*.
 Now *Sinnot's Boys*, dismiss'd, look pale and thin;
 Thy *Harvest* ends, as others just begin.
 Stew'd *Cooks*, like *Miners*, mount from under Ground
 For upper Air; no Bus'ness to be found.
 Of no *Arrivals* at thy *Port* one hears,
 No Musick plays, nor Bells ring in our Ears.

Thus flow the tedious Minutes, 'till the Sun
 Had *Libra* quitted, and through *Scorpio* run:

All then revives; and the *white-beaver'd King*
 Returns, the same Scene op'ning as at Spring.
Beaus to the *Rooms*, and flaunting *Belles* repair,
 Pleas'd as fond Lovers to embrace their Fair.
Gamesters and *Whores* pursue their usual Trade,
 And flutt'ring *Coxcombs* crowd the *Grand Parade*.

When Parting utter, with a tender sigh,
 "Farewell, dear Boy—Once more farewell, they cry.

© copy Right, declining is thy Trade,

No Soul appearing in *My Queen's Parade*.

Thy Room forlook, thy Lodging vacant are

As mournful Lovers on the *Quide* declare.

See Officers sleeping at the stable-Doors;

Behold the *City* *Chamberlains* yet thy *Whores*

How *Swine's* *Look* pale and thin;

Thy *Harlot* *begin*.

Stew'd *under Ground*

For *upper* *And* *be found*.

Of no *new* *one* *new*.

No *Musick* plays, *the* *ring* *in* *our* *Ears*.

Thus flow the tedious Minutes, till the Sun

Had *Licks* *quitted*, and through *Scorpio* run: